

(THE  
Lord Stafford's  
**GHOST:**

O R,  
A Warning to  
**TRAITORS,**  
WITH  
His Propheſie  
Concerning the  
**Blazing-Star.**



Printed in the Year, 1680.



# THE LORD Staffords Ghost,

&c.

From *Stygian* shades, lo, my pale Ghost doth rise,  
To visit Earth, and these sublunar Skies;  
For some few moments I'm in Mercy sent,  
To bid my Fellow-*Traitors* to Repent:  
Repent before you taste of Horrid Fate,  
Your Guilt confess, before it be too late:  
I am not here arriv'd on Earth, to tell  
The hidden secrets that belong to Hell:  
Not am I sent to publish or declare,  
Who are tormenters, whom tormented there.  
For now I know that it is Heavens decree,  
These things to Mortals still shall secrets be;  
Who have fantastick Dreams, and nothing know,  
Of what is done above, or yet below:  
But I have seen with my immortal Eyes,  
Things that with horror do my Soul surprize;  
Too late alas, too late, I see my sin,  
With strange *Chymera's* I've deluded been,  
By a curs'd brood, who sounded in my ear,  
Dye obstinate, no Chains of *Conscience* fear,  
Upon us firmly let your Faith be built,  
We can and do Absolve you from your Guilt;  
And after this, you need no more Repent,  
For you a *Martyr* dye, and *Innocent*.  
O cursed Men, who on Wretches thus intrude,  
And thus poor souls, Eternally delude.  
Whilst they believe what these deluders say,  
Life is snatch'd from them, and they drop away,  
And falling down, by *Charon* Death they're hurl'd  
Into the *Mansions* of a dismal World,  
Where *Conscience* stands, and stares them in the face,  
Shewing a Table of Eternal Brags,  
In which in noted Characters are writ  
Their whole lives crimes, which living they forgot.  
With *Conscience* these have an Eternal strife,  
And curle the vain delusive dreams of Life:  
With torment now their crimes read o're and o're,  
And wakeing, see they did but Dream before;

Too

Too late (and than too late what plague is worse?  
 They see their folly, and themselves they curse;  
 They curse themselves, because they did believe,  
 And doubly curse those who did them deceive.  
 When to the fatal Scaffold I was brought,  
 I said, and did what I was bid, and laugh,  
 Tho' *Conscience* said, I did not what I ought.  
 Stoutly the Guilt, as I was bid, deny'd,  
 And for the Cause, I *Rome's* great *Martyr* dy'd.  
 I that Religion then esteem'd good,  
 And gladly would have seal'd it with my Blood,  
 Because I then no better understood.  
 Let not the World to vain delusions fly,  
 I did for *Treason*, not *Religion* dye.  
 Tho' on the Scaffold I would not confess,  
 My Ghost, alas, too late, can do no less.  
 Let all Complotters warning take by me,  
 The World we may delude, but *God* doth see;  
 Tho' what we did should never come to light,  
 It can't be hid from the Almighty's sight.  
 Give *God* the Glory, and confess your Crime,  
 Confess your horrid *Treason* while you've time,  
 Publick Confession shews you do Repent,  
 And is the best way to grow innocent.  
 'Tis too late, I have been led astray,  
 And by *Error*, far from *Truth*, was led away;  
 For that *Religion* never can be good,  
 That would erect it self by *Human* Blood.  
 I pin'd my self upon anothers sleeve,  
 And blindly I did as the Church believe,  
 What my delusive Guides did bid me do,  
 That I believ'd was *Holy*, *Just*, and *True*.  
 With Zeal I acted, and hop'd for Applause,  
 Of Men and Heaven, in so good a Cause.  
 But oh! I sigh, and now my *Airy Ghost*,  
 Shivers to think what Blessings I have lost.  
 The broad way to Destruction then I took,  
 And Vertues Road my blinded Zeal mistook.  
 But you my *Friends*, who yet are left behind,  
 Now to your selves, and to your Souls be kind:  
 Open her Eyes, and be no longer blind,  
 Pry my sad End, do you your Errors find.  
 Confess your Crimes before it be too late,  
 Confess, confess, before you yield to Fate:  
 Before from Life, and from the World you go,  
 Before that you descend to Shades below,  
 Before your Souls taste of Eternal Woe.

Truth



Truth cannot Dye, it stronger is than Death,  
 Remains when Mortals have resign'd their breath;  
 To amazed Souls with *Conscience* she appears,  
 To aggravate, and to increase their fears.  
 Confels her while you live, though drawn to Sin,  
 Repentance with *Confession* doth begin.  
 Believe no longer that Accursed Brood,  
 Who on the Necks of Kings have proudly trod;  
 Nor him who thinks himself an Earthly God.  
 These *Hectering Jesuits* who so Zealous be,  
 Who think to Rule the world by Policy;  
 Who to the Gallows seem with joy to come,  
 To be the *Martyrs*, and the Saints of *Rome*.  
 When Life is fled, and they are gone from hence,  
 In tumbling down are waked into Sense;  
 Where all amaz'd, and wondring where they've bin,  
 They howl, and cry, and wish to Dye again.  
 Beware, I say, be fool'd no longer here,  
 For *Rhadamanthus* is a Judge severe.  
 Hark! I am call'd, I must descend below,  
 But let me *Prophesie* before I go:  
 See the bright Star which o'er your heads doth shine,  
 I can as well as *Gadbury* Divine;  
 What the bright stream of Radiant Light doth mean,  
 Which every Night so frequently is seen.  
 Hear me, O *Rome*, though in your Cause I dy'd,  
 Nigh is the setting of your Pomp and Pride:  
 That Star doth shew, that Day is neer at hand,  
 That *Rome* no longer shall the World command,  
 And many years it hath not now to stand.  
 By that bright stream, which still comes to the East,  
 The *Everlasting Gospel's* Light's express;  
 Which just is breaking forth, and doth bespeak  
 That its most Glorious Day's about to break:  
 VVhen *Peace*, and *Truth*, and *Righteousness* shall stand,  
 Everlasting Pillars set in every Land,  
 And *Christ* in Power alone the world command.  
 Then shall the *World* shine with Eternal Glory,  
 And I perhaps, may then leave *PHREASIA*.

**Finis.**

